



The Dragon Dancer



men dragon dance

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Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

The dragonkin stumbles across the room in the high heels, uncostumed to the added height. Her skirt gives way to gravity as she falls, revealing more than she is capable of knowing is indecent.

"Being a human is uncomfortable," she whines, spreading her legs to the point where even I begin to sweat. The guards have long abandoned their posts. They are new. Being young men, they do not know how to control themselves just yet. By the time they reach my age in the business, however, very little will faze them.

But for the meeting of this strange creature who has an instance on appearing in my shows, I would have said I was practically stone to this business.

I wouldn't have believed this young woman that she was a dragon had her tail and scales convinced me otherwise. Both ran down her legs, a brilliant emerald pattern that is sure to give some of my more stubborn patrons a run for their money. Strength for the pole is no issue, but we are currently working on her gait.

She has refused to tell me how she became a dragonkin, but she insists on entering this business, and even her name. I suppose moral standards should stop me from taking advantage of what might very well be innocent. But I am not a saint, and right now, I'm more concerned about making her stage name.

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Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



"Why don't the boys look at me like they do her, Orochi?" Petal whines as I zipper up another layer of her shirt. I curse as the edge of unturned metal slices through my finger. If Petal can't get this on without my help, how does she expect to strip for our consumers? Still, in the midst of my work, I allow myself to gaze at the dragonkin on stage. Her act is wrapping up, but the men are just as enticed as they were when she stepped on the stage. The flames were a bit much, but I suppose the damage can be more than covered for by the amount of business she has garnered us.

"You're not exotic," I said, more bluntly than I had intended. She glared at me. Petal was one of my few friends in the workplace. I didn't particularly enjoy mixing pleasure and business, but that proved to be rather hard in a literal pleasure business. In some small way, I had a connection with most of my performers. Petal had to be my oldest (not that you can tell), the first to give my establishment a chance at the ripe age of thirteen.

Remember what I said about my morality.

"Oh, please. These men will go for anything with legs, and you know it."

"Keep talking like that, and I'll have to let you go."

"Try saying that when you see what I have up my sleeve."

I rolled my eyes. Another one of Petal's little schemes. Perhaps this one would be less disastrous than the time she stuffed live rodents in her bra.

"Fine, fine. Just try to keep the tricks to a minimum. They're here to see your breasts, not a magic show."

Chapter 3 by Kara Davidson



At that moment the dragonkin did a full head dive off the platform into the hungry arms of all

the entranced patrons. They yell and scream profanities as they try and grope for anything they can get their hands on.

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"Oh yeah, she came right

"Move over, let me get some of that!"

"Hey, why don't you leave this place and come home with me baby?"

I quickly run from Petal to the poor thing laying on the floor in tears-presumably from the bump swelling on her forehead. By the time I get there the bodyguards have already cleared out most of the crowd from around her. I push through and pick her up, cradled in my arms, and quickly run backstage to avoid anymore guests coming up to us. Once we get there and I've gently set her down on a chair, my anger begins to boil over.

"What the hell happened out there?!?"

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